CT
275
F45F4

MEMORIAL

OF

MRS. ABIGAIL ADAMS FELT.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. CT275

Shelf F45F4

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

93527

MEMORIAL

OF

MRS. ABIGAIL ADAMS FELT.

ed by

Joseph Barlow Felt

"Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great Teacher, Death; and God adore;
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now."

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1876.
CITY of WASHINGTON.

BOSTON:
PRESS OF T. R. MARVIN & SON, 42 CONGRESS ST.
1860.

UT275
F45F4

.F45F4

[Felt, Joseph Barlow] 1789–1869.

2

Memorial of Mrs. Abigail Adams Felt..

187b. ~~[Boston, 1871.] vii, 92 pp. 8° portrait.~~ 8° Boston, Press of J. R.

45 Marvin & son, 1860.

1 p.l., V–VII, [5]–92 p. front. (port.) 20 cm.

B. a.

N. H. Gen. + Hist. Reg. 1860

n. 14-16.

add°
1. Felt, Mrs. Abigail Adams (Shaw) 1790-1859.

Dear Sisters :

We have long learned, that the more precious human connections are, the severer is their disruption. Though they may have been spent in mutual endeavors for temporal and spiritual edification, for compliance with probation's great end, they must soon dissolve the bonds which bind them. What can be more afflictive to survivors than such a separation? They realize, more than they can express, the language of the Psalmist: "Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness." Every heart which has tested its trial feels its indication in the oft-trickling tears of the cheek, and in the abundant sighs and sorrows of the soul. But this, like every wise allotment of Providence, has its useful purposes. "Some virtues are only seen in affliction." It should render us less influenced by every wrong attraction, build us up in the essential proportions of Christian character, bring us to nearer communion with God,

stronger love for his word, government, and service, and impart to us a clearer faith, that we shall receive the welcome of the Saviour, to dwell with our redeemed relatives in his mansions of rest. All who stay their souls on Jesus, whether of this or the world to come, have an immutable support of hope, in the passage directed to the Thessalonians: "Christ died for us, that whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him."

When the subject of having some memento of our dearly beloved relative printed was mentioned, it was understood that there should not be a final disappointment in this respect. We all know how very welcome are the words of such departed connections on various topics, even those of every-day life, to our sympathies, while we do not expect it to be so with strangers. When, therefore, I became suddenly and seriously ill, lately, it was a source of anxiety to me that I had been engaged in other duty, so as not to have gotten ready for such an intimated engagement. As soon as somewhat recovered, I immediately set about collecting various items, written with the pen of our dearest friend, whose departure we have had reason so much to lament. She had no anticipation that any of them would ever be handed around, even among her kindred. But whatever modification some of them may

seem to have wanted, in her opinion, they have received. They are, together with other similar concerns, presented as a means of additional communion with her to those who knew the sterling worth of her character.

"How true th' esteem that's founded in desert!
How pleasing is the tribute of the heart!"

YOUR AFFECTIONATE BROTHER.

MEMORIAL.

FAMILY.—How variously is the eye of observation met with different locations for the culture of domestic plants. So is that of education with the diversity of parentage for training up its offspring. The longer years and opportunities enable us to judge, so are we confirmed in this familiar position. In accordance with this topic, it may be said, Well did the lines of Providence fall to her, of whom the following notice is given.

MRS. ABIGAIL ADAMS FELT, was the daughter of the Rev. JOHN SHAW, and his wife, ELIZABETH. Her father was son to the Rev. John Shaw, of Bridgewater. He was a graduate from Harvard College, 1772, and ordained at Haverhill, Massachusetts, March 12, 1777. He continued his profession here, highly esteemed for his talents, attainments and usefulness, till September 29, 1794, when he suddenly expired, aged forty-eight years, to the great grief of his family, friends and parishioners. In the practice of preparing scholars for college, he entered John Q. Adams at his Alma Mater. The history of his parochial town, thus

speaks of him:—"Mr. Shaw, as he is described in his epitaph,—A bright example of benevolence, meekness, patience and charity; an able advocate of the religion he professed, and a faithful servant of the God he worshiped."

Her mother was Elizabeth, one of three eminent daughters to the Rev. William Smith, of Weymouth. An extract from an obituary notice of Mrs. Abigail Adams, says, as to these sisters: "Who were each qualified, by uncommon talents and virtues, to fill with equal worth, the different, though important stations, to which they were afterwards called." After being bereaved of her first husband, she became the second wife to the Rev. Stephen Peabody, of Atkinson, New Hampshire. Here she was at the head of a household, much enlarged by both sexes, as boarders and students of the Academy. It was a sphere of great anxiety and diligence, but suited to her genius of correct judgment, strong intellect, cultivated faculties, and benevolent purposes. Very many were greatly profited by her precepts of wisdom, both in speech and pen. Though far from the possession of robust health, she followed her high course till April 9, 1815, when she expired, suddenly, with the croup, aged sixty-five years. The inscription on her grave-stone follows: "She was eminent for strength of mind, and the acquisitions of literature. She lived not for herself, but for the benefit of others and the honor of her Maker. The religion she professed, was exemplified in her life. Though dead, her memory is embalmed in the hearts of

many. Of her it may be said: 'Blessed are the dead, that die in the Lord.'"

President John Adams writes, April 21, 1815, to Rev. Stephen Peabody, on her decease: "The translation of the beatified spirit was an euthanasia devoutly to be wished. With you, and your and my dear William and Abigail, I sympathize most cordially."

Mr. John Quincy Adams, then at London, wrote to his mother, date of June 30, 1815, as follows:— "My Aunt Peabody was, next to you, one of the earliest and kindest friends and guardians of my childhood. Since that time every recollection that I have of her, is of acts of kindness to myself and to my children. The news of her decease could not therefore but most painfully affect me, and the sentiment was deepened by that of the impression with which I knew you must have been affected by the event. But at the close of a life so blameless and pure as hers, death has no sting; and the consolation for the loss of a friend can never fail, when, as in this instance, we may with equal devotion and confidence pray, not only that our last end, but the whole tenor of our lives, may be like the relative we have lost."

Mrs. Abigail Adams writes to Mrs. Abigail A. Felt, February 10, 1818, and remarks as to her mother: "Few persons held so eloquent a pen, or could find such ready access to the heart. I scarcely ever received a letter from her, which did not draw involuntary tears from my eyes. Her imagination was brilliant, her heart warm, her

affections pure and ardent; her wit and playfulness full of good humor, unalloyed with acrimony. To know her, was to love and respect her. How many owe to her the good seed, which she planted in their infant minds, and which, I doubt not, will be her crown of rejoicing."

Her daughter, Mrs. Felt, made the ensuing minute, in 1840: "Twenty-five years ago my beloved mother breathed her last. The day has scarcely ever come round, but that I have been vividly reminded of that most afflictive dispensation. Thy will, oh God, be done."

So highly favored with the surroundings of her parentage, in the different periods of its presence to bless her, Mrs. Felt was born at Haverhill, March 2, 1790. None but parental tenderness could fully realize why she was called Abigail, signifying, in its original, "The joy of the father." She had a brother and sister, considerably older than herself.

The former was William Smith Shaw, born August 12, 1778, graduated at Harvard College, 1798; was private Secretary to his uncle, President John Adams; studied law; was Clerk of the United States District Court; and a principal founder of the Boston Athenæum. Long subject to rheumatic complaints, he died in Boston, April 25, 1826, in his forty-eighth year. The latter was Elizabeth Quincy Shaw, born at Haverhill, May 26, 1780. She accompanied her mother to Atkinson. Here, after acquiring a valuable education and presenting a hopeful promise for the future, she expired in a consumption, September 4,

1798, aged eighteen years. Among the many customs of her beneficent perseverance, as ingots of desirable disposition, was this, that when her daily recess from the Academy came round, she hastened home to assist her mother in the multiplied avocations of the family. Filial obligation was more precious to her than pleasurable leisure. Her inscription, in the grave-yard, has the following, prepared by her mother.

> What pathos in her age!
> Ye young; ye fair; approach this silent grave.
> Here stop and pause, where buds of virtue clustered.
> 'She came forth like a flower and is cut down.
> But life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel.'

Her mother writes to her son, William, June 2, 1798: "If it is the will of Heaven to take her from us, you, William, will lose one of the best of sisters. She has all the benevolence and philanthropy of her father, joined with a happy, cheerful temper, and more discretion than is generally met with in one of her years."

Her father-in-law, Rev. Stephen Peabody, writes to William S. Shaw, next September 4: "About three quarters after six o'clock this morning, your dear sister Betsey was called out of time. She had a distressing night, but the full and clear exercise of reason to the last moment. She was composed, calm, and much resigned, and we have great occasion to hope, has left a world of perplexity for a world of glory. By this providence, the voice of

God to her surviving friends, is, 'Be ye also ready.'"

Her mother writes to her son, William, January 10, 1799: "One object is ever present to my view. Her faltering accents, breathing love and gratitude; her affectionate farewell; her soul quivering upon her pale lips, is a scene indelibly impressed upon my full heart. Religion may check, but cannot stop the copious flood.

> 'While Faith, kind seraph, points her view
> Beyond the starry plain,
> To that bright world, where ever new,
> Immortal pleasures reign,'

There I hope, through the mediation of a Saviour, she is permitted to dwell. May you, my son, like your sister, sincerely repent of the sins of childhood and youth, that in life, you may enjoy the soul's calm sunshine, and in the near views of death, experience that humble, composed state of mind, which so much distinguished your sister's final exit."

These family members, with whom Mrs. Felt spent her early days, were strongly endeared to her heart by the assiduity with which they exhibited to her all the tender charities of their connection. It was the law of their little commonwealth, and wisdom was evident in its results. It became an active principle in her own bosom, and shed a light on every lot of her pilgrimage, and rendered her highly esteemed by numerous relatives and acquaintances. Thus did her habitation invariably deserve the de-

scription of Dryden: "Home is the sacred refuge of our life."

We can hardly close this account without mentioning another, who, though no relative of theirs, dwelt long with them, contributed much to their enjoyment, and shared largely in their remembrance and love. This was Miss Lydia Springer. She was an extraordinary instance of faithful, domestic help. She gained and preserved unshaken confidence through every part of the household and of her service. Mrs. Shaw wrote to her son William, August 29, 1810, that Lydia's lungs were in hectical state. She adds: "Should she be taken from us, it would be to me an irreparable loss. But I believe she will inherit the promises, laid up for the meek and the pure in heart. Her habits, and the cheerful, even temper of her mind, always seemed to harmonize with the spirit of the Gospel. She was interested in each one's joy and sorrow. She prayed and wept and felt for all." Lydia contentedly spent her life with Mrs. Shaw, at Haverhill and at Atkinson, and then in the family of Mrs. Felt, where she died in Boston, of a long consumption, January 7, 1837, aged seventy-three years. There is cause to believe, that her integrity was founded on the Rock of Ages, and that she rose to hear for herself from his mouth, 'Well done, enter into my kingdom!'

Physical Constitution.—The strength of Mrs. Felt was never robust. The portion she had, when arrived at years of discretion, continued to improve, from her judicious acquaintance with family medi-

cine, which was of frequent use to herself and those around her. Turns of sickness were more frequent and severe, in the former part of her life, than subsequently. On several occasions, her complaints seemed as harbingers of her approaching end. While yet an infant, that she might avoid the infection of the small-pox, then dreaded far more than since the discovery of its remedy, her parents sorrowfully consented for her to be numbered with a large class of patients in the border hospital. Here she was protected and nursed by Miss Lydia Springer, who had been her chief attendant. She suffered much, and, after the usual time, she was thankfully received by her parents, whose anxiety could only be expressed by those of like experience. Among the complaints endured by Mrs. Felt, were those of the neuralgic and rheumatic kinds, from youth to her decease. She had frequent reason to adopt the words of the Psalmist, "O Lord, heal me, for my bones are vexed." When visited with such trials, she would speak of them as monitors:

"Timely they come to wean us from this earth."

Still she constantly manifested exemplary patience and unusual pleasantness of deportment. She had so trained herself to endure and improve extraordinary physical suffering, that while the most in like affliction resorted to the sick chamber, she continued to discharge what she considered calls upon her attention and action.

Of several occasions, in which her health suffered, were the following. Her mother writes to her son,

William, under November 6, 1797, that Abby, a fortnight since, had her left eye very much injured with a pair of scissors in the hands of a careless acquaintance. "I suffered more anxiety than I let you know. I was fearful that her eye was ruined." The mother informs the son, under October 28, 1798, that she is preparing to carry Abby to board at Andover, so as to wait on the medical attendance of Dr. Kittredge for a broken arm.

The same parent writes to the son, under date of June 23, 1803. "I think you cannot but join with me in gratitude to Heaven, for the recovery of your sister's health. Mr. Peabody thought last winter, that she would not live for the return of another spring. But she is now much better than I have known her since your dear sister Betsey's death, for it has appeared to me that she has been languishing ever since."

Of themes for consoling meditation with her, while so afflicted, in later life, were such passages as this: "O bless our God, ye people; who holdeth our souls in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved."

Education.—Of this, in its proper import, as an acquisition to increase knowledge, and apply it in all the physical, literary, moral and religious concerns of life, Mrs. Felt was early taught to entertain a high estimation. Her constant presence with many relatives and others, who experimentally and practically knew the nature of such a possession, tended to confirm its value in her own mind. It was often

the substance of her remark, with due allowance for our dependence on the aid of divine grace,

> "That all the pious duties which we owe
> Our parents, friends, our country and our God,
> The seeds of every virtue here below,
> From discipline alone and early culture, grow."

Of her opportunities to learn, was that at the Academy, where she resided. But such was her lack of health in early life, she was detained at home and depended largely upon the tuition of her mother, who was well qualified for the office. In reference to her benefit from this source, she would thus substantially express it:

> "And thou, whose pious and maternal care,
> The substitute of heavenly Providence,
> With tenderest love my orphan life did rear."

Her temperament was more fitted to this position, than to one of a public kind. Her sensitive and diffident qualities of constitution led her through life to suppose, that she had far less power and attainments, than she really possessed. Hence it was a relief and encouragement for her to make her recitations, and express her thoughts freely, before one who knew her worth, sympathized with her depressions, and encouraged her hopes. The specimens of her first efforts discover, that she made much of time and opportunity for improvement. Her careful preservation of them, as well as of almost every other work from her hand, in connection with more decided indications, discovers, that

she had naturally a desire to compare the elements of progress, and strong characteristics of the antiquary.

Mrs. Abigail Adams, of Quincy, writes to William S. Shaw, October 10, 1808. "Your good sister is with her, (your aunt Cranch who is sick,) administering to her comfort. A dear amiable girl she is. You do not know her worth."

Two quotations from her mother's letters to her son, follow.

Under November 15, 1809, speaking of a visit made by Abby to her cousin, Mrs. Craige, of Cambridge, she says, that her daughter, when there, highly appreciates the rural scenery and literary advantages. She adds: "I do not wish her, if she possessed the requisites, to shine or be the belle of gay circles. It is a dangerous pre-eminence. No. It is to study household good. By gentleness add lustre to every domestic virtue. This be the female dignity and praise."

Under June 2, 1810. "I thank you for Mr. Adams's most excellent lectures. As to me, I am so far advanced in life, that I must be content, if I can retain the ideas, the sentiment, the soul of an author. But your sister, when she is delighted with a book, is not satisfied with this alone. She covets the appendages, the drapery, the ornamental parts, which often render the original more particularly pleasing. She values and treasures them together in her memory. May this literary deposit be a fund which, in future life, she may draw upon, and thus

be supplied with profitable topics of conversation and means of improvement."

Her taste for literature, particularly of the belles-lettres branch, was very early developed. She inherited from her father an extraordinary memory, which rendered her extensive acquisitions of knowledge easy and permanently at her call and application. It was often pleasant to hear relatives and acquaintances, of no common intelligence themselves, refer to her decision, questions in chronology, biography, history and poetry. It was equally agreeable to perceive the ease, quickness, accuracy and modesty with which she complied with their requests. Though her taste for knowledge was classical and strong, yet so far as she perceived it deny the wisdom of Christ, she accounted it as the lack of understanding, and ruinous to all who served it as their idol. She harmonized with the subsequent passages.

> "But knowledge is as food, and needs no less
> Her temp'rance over appetite, to know
> In measure what the mind may well contain;
> Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
> Wisdom to folly."

"The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God; for it is written, He taketh the wise in their own craftiness."

Marital Miscellany.—The subject of our memoir was married to Joseph B. Felt, a native of Salem, Massachusetts, September 16, 1818. Their acquaintance commenced when he became a boarder

in her mother's family, and a member of the Atkinson Academy. She entered on so important a position with no trifling motives and purposes. It was a matter which she had carefully considered in the light of both human and divine instruction. She regarded it as an institution of great beneficence to its participants and society, while regulated by Gospel principles, but sadly the reverse when assumed with selfish and vicious intentions.

"Marriage the happiest bond, when hearts agree."

It was her persevering prayer and endeavor to discharge the obligations which this new kindred laid upon her.

For the duties of her office, she was thoroughly educated. If called to discharge them, there was consciousness of preparation. A time of calamity came. But our Heavenly Father interposed the arm of his protection, saying, As thy day, so shall thy strength be. After several days of most distressing delay, being June 22, 1823, the lifeless birth was effected. The mother, having endured a violent fever, was almost miraculously recovered. Injury then received was an additional cause of her subsequent accumulated pains. She bore the affliction with Christian fortitude. Though from such trials, sorrows continuously returned to her soul, the light of hope in Christ tempered them with greater consolations. In reference to this event, Mrs. Elizabeth S. Foster, of Boston, writes to Mrs. Abigail A. Felt, under August 22, 1823: "God has been better to us than we poor, feeble, short-

sighted beings could perceive. How many times, dear Abby, I fixed your pillow, thinking it would be the last thing I should be permitted to do for you." Mrs. Felt afterwards wrote to a relative: "I was slowly recovering from one of the most distressing confinements that ever woman endured and lived. It was through the mercy of a gracious God that I was sustained and experienced consolations which the world can neither give nor take away." While anticipating the birth of her lost daughter, she considered her peril, and set her house in order. Lest it should prove her own death, she had the inheritance from her mother secured to her husband, and provision made for the support of Lydia, her well-tried domestic. In this manner, she exhibited affection, prudence, and justice, which strikingly ran out into all the periods and lines of her life. Thus

"Pleas'd remembrance builds delight on woe."

Owing to the prudent provision of her mother, from property long in their family, Mrs. Felt brought some annual income towards the support of her domestic expenses. She continued such aid in the most attractive manner. Nor was this generous bearing in the least relaxed, when the decease of her brother was the sad occasion of supplying us with an economical competency. Her desire to help bless the sphere in which she moved, lifted her above any exactions or reflections, which imperfect nature is too apt, upon indiscreet sallies of temper, to make repulsive accompaniments of pro-

perty so dispensed. From no indication in her word, look, or demeanor, could it have been inferred that she had contributed so much as a single mill towards the pecuniary support of her household. Such modesty, wisdom and liberality, rendered the benefit more happy in its impressions on the mind and heart, most within their influence, than in its individual value, and its giver more esteemed and endeared as years rolled away. Waller has well said:

> "But he that does a noble nature show,
> Obliging others, still does higher grow;
> For virtue practic'd such an habit gives,
> That among men he like an angel lives."

In her systematic charities to connections and acquaintances, who needed aid to eke out their scanty supplies, she was discreet, silent, and liberal. As this action was evidently not for display nor applause, but from the power of conscious obligation, it secured to her hearty thanks and lasting regard.

After the decease of her brother, in 1826, she manifested her appreciation for public literature, as she long had for it at her own fireside. He left in the Boston Athenæum, of which he was one of the principal founders, a rich collection of tracts, coins, and other property, valued at about ten thousand dollars. In the settlement of his estate, connected with an application from the Trustees of that Institution, that such property might be presented to it, she liberally, in consent with her husband, granted

their request. She preferred that in this way the name of her brother, who, while alive, had generously assisted her, should be more agreeably associated with the establishment, and hold a higher grade on the list of its pecuniary benefactors.

Her intercourse with her husband's relatives, as well as her own, was on the eminent basis of Gospel reciprocity, and thus infused benevolence and harmony. In this way, she was a stranger to the mortifying and painful occasions of apology, and enjoyed the heartfelt perception of being a peacemaker. Such deportment was met with its indispensable return of marked respect and attachment.

However noticeably tasteful and properly economical in her dress, and always seasonably neat in her person, there was no sign of vanity or undue estimation of apparel. While she complied with fashion, duly regulated, she invariably felt that the correctly educated mind and the dutifully governed heart and life, were incomparably more important than all the beaux mondes that ever existed.

With regard to the pleasant impression, made on every correct observer by the orderly household, it was occasioned as an incident of Mrs. Felt's domestic system, and not particularly sought as an end. In the whole compass of her abode, there was nothing to intimate that it was the free quarters of loiterers and triflers, who make no shelter for the storm, nor provision for the morrow. Its employments were sufficient to occupy burthensome

leisure, and while it afforded industry for health, as well as for economy, it was liberal in its allowance for improvement of mind and heart. The look around denoted that the effect was not without a cause.

> "But taste corrects, by one etherial touch,
> What seems too little, and what seems too much;
> Marks the fine point where each consenting part
> Slides into beauty with the ease of art."

Though possessing but a small share of muscular strength and health, still Mrs. Felt, by unbroken and judicious order, and fixed application and opportunity, brought much to pass in her domestic calls. The unusual and beneficial manner in which these common concerns were done, often brought them to notice and remark, when, but for that, they would not be mentioned. This was so with various handiworks of Mrs. Felt. Early taught that it was no small matter to be acquainted with the skill of furnishing family supplies, such as hosiery and linen, she perseveringly took pleasure in the practice, though the invention of art abundantly furnished less durable articles of a similar description. She derived no small pleasure from retaining, with her long association of preference, that her habitation should preserve the industrial customs of her parental ancestors as of some classic memorials. Few individuals, who have diligently and usefully spent life, have made more valuable garments for themselves and others around them, than she was enabled to turn off in her long and steady employment. While her industry was not like that of

Dorcas, as to its occasion, still it resembled it in perseverance, abundance, and usefulness.

> "All is the gift of industry; whate'er
> Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
> Delightful."

The course of word and action, which leads to the best and longest enjoyment of social life, is a gem of incalculable worth. Without compromising the right of any question, it neither yields the truth nor acts a deceitful part, to palm deception on the person present, in order to secure his favor. Such a consistent course was remarkably attributable to the subject before us. Often she would be claimed by different individuals as their particular friend, as she really was, while they had no regard for each other. She long communed with them in good will, but kept clear of the evil report. She partook of the fruit with them at the plant, but was careful not to come in contact with the thorns.

> "A prudence, undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
> That nor too little nor too much believ'd,
> That scorned unjust suspicion's coward fear,
> And without weakness knew to be sincere."

Even individuals, who fail to follow the line of truth exactly, in all its particulars as well as generals, are hardly willing to be accounted deficient in morality. But they will perceive, especially if young people be around them, that their error in conversation will be imitated, and an evil communication become followed, unless they reform. It may be observed, these exemplars are only in sport.

But no such diversion can ever compensate for the evil of their being accounted careless of veracity or of making others the recipients of so pernicious a habit. In guarding against such an abuse, the subject of our memoir was perseveringly very exact. She meant what she said. To those of every age and circumstance, her word was sure as a bond.

"And truth, plain truth, is welcome to the wise."

Hospitality.—This, well regulated, is no ordinary blessing to the minister, people and strangers. It requires various qualifications in his wife, which, collectively taken, are of great price. They were eminently possessed and modestly manifested by Mrs. Felt. A result of this was, that she had an unusual share of guests, always comfortably and agreeably entertained. Her particular attention to the entertainment of children, who were among her visitants, secured to her their long attachment, as an elder and worthy friend. For the large collections of people, to which her husband was not unfrequently exposed, she directed preparations without calling in special assistance. Her female friends of the parish expected a different course. But availing herself of the experience, learned from the example of her mother, making her arrangements in season as to the articles needed, and using the help she had, in the best direction, the result of her exertion was in acceptable style, both for sustenance and appearance. With a similar merit of commendation was she enabled to conduct her household

affairs all through her marital life. When placed in the balance of comparison, the inference may be fairly drawn, that in the treatment of strangers, she was excelled by none and equaled by few. The passage in Proverbs, "She looketh well to the ways of her household," had a deserved application to her practice.

Christian Concerns.—From the first of her ability to understand the nature of personal religion, Mrs. Felt enjoyed the inestimable privilege of having it set before her as the pearl of great price, by parental affection. Many were the volumes of her perusal, which discharged the like office. Enabled by the Holy Spirit to perceive, that such instruction, as based on the Gospel, was "worthy of all acceptation," and that, while this inspired dispensation required repentance and faith, her heart was not a stranger to these Christian duties, she was obligated to confess Christ as her only Saviour. This solemn service she performed, May 17, 1812, and thus became a member of the Atkinson Church. Of the ordinance she made the following record: "This day, with humble confidence in God, and trust in my divine Redeemer, I joined myself to the Church of Christ in this place. May God in his infinite mercy grant, that I may never do any thing unworthy of my Christian profession, but that I may walk worthy of the statutes of the Lord my God blameless." The duty, so performed, she always considered most solemnly obligatory on all, of every condition in life; justly requiring of its participants belief

in Jesus, and obedience to his commands, through help of the Holy Ghost. She steadily took part in its observance, and prayerfully desired, that it might be increasingly a savor of life to her own soul, and all others of its professors.

"—— Touch'd by the Cross, we live;—
That touch, with charm celestial, heals the soul
Diseas'd, drives pain from guilt, lights life in death,
Turns earth to heaven, to heavenly thrones transforms
The ghastly ruins of the mouldering tomb."

While conscientious and religious in her motives and actions, she was diffident in her professions of Christianity, of her attainments in its instructions and in compliance with its public commands. Her mind was richly and increasingly stored with select and pious productions in poetry and prose, which she frequently recalled, to illustrate conversation, amuse and improve lonely hours, and assist meditations of sickness.

It was long her habit to keep on hand a stock of books, beneficial in precept and principle, as gifts to persons both old and young, that they might prove as guides for the recipients to divine knowledge and blessing.

While occupied at sewing or knitting, which received a liberal allowance of her time, she invariably had the Bible near her, and such hymns as come from authors, like Watts, for reference to confirm her memory of passages, or to acquire other new ones. Her communion with God for growth in grace, preparation for his holy will, and especially for an

exchange of worlds, was frequent and devout. Her experience sympathized with the passage,

> "In every storm, that either frowns or falls,
> What an asylum has the soul in prayer!"

Diary Extracts.—The following extracts are from the diaries of many valuable thoughts, as keepsakes of a departed, but still very precious friend.

"Boston, May 6, 1838. During the interim of divine service, we went into the Sabbath school. Here we saw from two to three hundred children, training up, may it be for God and heaven. It is a delightful sight. How enlarged are the privileges of religious instruction now enjoyed by the rising generation? May they be duly appreciated and improved."

"7. In the afternoon, attended a female prayer meeting. It was pleasant to my soul. Lord be pleased to open the door of my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise. Grant that the series of meetings, now held here, may be for our growth in grace and every Christian virtue. In the evening, I was at the monthly concert of prayer, for the conversion of the heathen world. Interesting statements were made from the missionaries at Madras. It is painful to be told, that some of the schools there must be suspended for want of funds. May needed contributions be cast into the treasury of the Lord."

"10. My head ached all day. May these light afflictions work out for us an eternal weight of glory."

"12. Rode out of the city, and took tea in the

afternoon with a relative. She has every earthly comfort, but cherishes no hope of a blessed immortality. May her heart be renewed and her soul redeemed."

"17. Walked for exercise. Met a throng, absorbed in their various cares. There is cause to fear, that but a small proportion of them are as much engaged for the incorruptible heritage."

21. One of the body, now signified, having returned to her house on a visit, the remark follows: "The delegation of anti-slavery ladies caused a great deal of excitement in Philadelphia; so much so, that they were surrounded by a mob of fifteen or twenty thousand, and their lives were in jeopardy. The Pennsylvania Hall, for free discussion, just finished and dedicated, which cost forty-five thousand dollars, was purposely and entirely consumed. Lord, be pleased to restrain the evil passions of men."

"28. In the afternoon attended a Tract meeting at Spring Lane Vestry. Heard very interesting accounts of the good done by these little messengers of salvation, and also, by the faithful remarks of their distributors."

"29. At eleven o'clock, heard addresses from the Prison Discipline Society, and a report from its Secretary. Forty boys, neatly attired in uniform, from the Farm School, were introduced. Had not the hand of benevolence provided for them a refuge from the vicious habits, to which they were greatly exposed, it is very likely that they would have helped swell the number of the State Prison convicts. But now their prospect is far more hopeful. Under

salutary education, they promise to be useful members of society."

"June 3. Our communion season. O Lord, be pleased to sanctify these precious services to my soul. May I be spiritually sustained by faith in Christ; love him more, and serve him better, than I ever yet have; grow in grace, spiritual wisdom and understanding."

"9. Another week is gone. My days and weeks are hastening to a close. Lord grant, that I may so number them as to apply my heart unto wisdom."

"13. Still very warm. It has been intensely so for the space of five days. Some rain, thunder and lightning. O Lord, thou sendest thy showers of blessings down to fertilize the land. O, that men would praise and bless thy holy name, for all thy mercies towards them."

"30. Thus another month is fled, no more to return. How have I improved its fleeting moments? Lord, thou knowest. For Christ's sake, pardon and help me spend the remainder of my probation more faithfully to thy honor and glory."

"July 4. Rose very early. While walking, was amused with preparations for celebrating our Nation's political independence. Could we celebrate a freedom, throughout the earth, from vice, immorality, irreligion and infidelity, it would be a theme which glorified saints and sinless angels would delight to commemorate. God our Saviour will have all men to be saved and come unto the knowledge of the truth. 1 Tim. ii. 3, 4."

August 5. Having suffered protractedly and been

seriously indisposed, the writer notices: "Had a most refreshing rain. The dry and parched earth exceedingly needed its moisture. The Lord metes out his mercies according to our necessities. How should our hearts expand and rise to him in love and thankfulness for all our enjoyments. They are new every morning. Great is thy faithfulness."

"12. Heard a sermon on our indebtedness to God. Were it not for the mediation of our dear Saviour, we should all be utterly insolvent. Blessed be his name; whosoever trusts in his atoning blood, shall in no wise fail of being freely and fully ransomed."

"September 8. Went in the cars to Salem, in about forty minutes. A very pleasant jaunt. We visited sister Susan. Every thing reminded me of dear mother. The house, the rooms, the furniture, all unchanged and in the same position; while she, who long spread happiness through them, was not there. I trust, that she dwells in a mansion of bliss, where all tears are wiped away and the weary at rest."

"18. This day, I have been married twenty-two years. I can surely say, goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. It is from God, whence all my blessings flow."

"22. Again has my heavenly Father brought me mercifully to the close of another week. Have his various benefits led me to love him more purely and strongly, and serve him more faithfully? He is the searcher of all hearts. He needs no counsellor on this inquiry."

"29. Another week has elapsed. Time hurries

on with resistless pace. Soon my days will be numbered and finished. Lord, so teach me to number my days on earth, that, clad with thy righteousness, I may be prepared to spend an eternity with thee."

October 9. A sick friend having visited her, has the remembrance: "Oh that she may be prepared to die and stand in judgment, trusting entirely in the merits and mercies of a crucified Redeemer."

November 5. Referring to her neuralgic sufferings: "Oh Lord, may these infirmities of the flesh bring me nearer to thee; draw my affections more from earthly objects and place them more strongly upon thyself."

"12. Heard Mr. Combe, a gentleman from Scotland, this evening. His subject was mental education. His manner was prepossessing, and his ideas entertaining and the fruit of deep thought."

"25. Mr. Felt, very unexpectedly called to preach at the Charlestown Insane Hospital, I accompanied him. The ride, it being moonlight, was very pleasant. While melancholy, that so large a collection were bereft of their reason, the feeling was much relieved by their comfortable situation, their serious respect for the Gospel, the great balm for human woe, and their being privileged with the constant and best means for restoration."

"December 14. This day, a year ago, my mother Felt died, aged seventy-three. Her departure has been a great affliction to me. Few daughters-in-law ever loved a mother, so related, more than I did her. My friends and relatives are so few, that when one

is taken away, it leaves a wound, which time and the consolations of religion only can heal."

"22. Probation hastens to a close. They who improve and who abuse it, are alike carried forward to that 'bourne whence no traveler ever returns.' Oh that men would be wise, and seek the Lord while he is to be found."

"25. *Christmas.* We attended Episcopal worship. Heard Mr. Stone, from the text, 'What think ye of Christ?' An excellent discourse. Had a very happy Christmas."

"1839. January 1. Another year has commenced. Oh Lord, through thy grace, may I spend it more devotedly in thy service, than any of those gone, never to return. May I always realize that thou, God, seest me; be circumspect in all my thoughts, words and actions, and feel that I should be thy servant, wholly and altogether. Aid me to do good and communicate, as I have opportunity and ability, and glorify thee as the great end of my being."

"13. Heard a sermon to Sabbath school children. Text, 'A wise son maketh a glad father.' Here was a large number of interesting children, early taught the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom, and the knowledge of the Lord, which is understanding. When I consider the privilege of parents to train up their offspring for God, as among their highest duties, and, if well done, of the richest sources whence flow their immortal joys, it saddens me, that none ever called me mother. A dear one, now I trust beholding the face of its Saviour in heaven, was once like to address me in such attrac-

tive tone. But He who doth all things best, cut short the expectation.

"Visited the Blind Asylum. Found a crowd of spectators. The exhibition was gratifying. It showed that the scholars were enabled by their privileges to practice many useful arts, to which they would have been strangers, had they not been favored with such instruction. It thus indicated, that the philanthropists who promoted such institutions have eminently succeeded to multiply the means of usefulness and enjoyment among the class, whose lamentation runs from the pen of Milton.

> 'Thus with the year
> Seasons return, but not to me returns
> Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
> Of sight or vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
> Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
> But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
> Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
> Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
> Presented with a universal blank,
> Of nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,
> And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.'"

"February 24. Lord, I attend thy sanctuary, and hear devotional services and profitable discourses. But am I spiritually wiser and better for these advantages? Grant that my heart and life may be so improved as to afford an affirmative reply. Help me to live every day, as if it were to be my last. When all my days are numbered and finished, may I be permitted to stand around thy throne, clad in the righteousness of my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

"March 2. This evening brings me to my forty-ninth year. It seems hardly possible, that I can be so far advanced in life. But so it is. When I refer to the past of my experience, I can truly say, Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life."

"21. Equinoctial storm. I need be very industrious to prevent ennui. I am daily alone, most of the time. Were it not for discipline of my mind, resources in myself, regular arrangements of my time and employments, and especially communion with my God,—I should be uncomfortable indeed. With such means, I am enabled to learn, that in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

"22. Attended a temperance meeting. God grant, that the triumphs of this reform may spread through our land, and that we may never again be called a nation of drunkards."

"24. Attended meeting all day. O Lord, how thankful should I be, that I am enabled to wait upon thee so constantly in the sanctuary. Thy mercies are new unto me every morning; great is thy faithfulness."

"April 13. A very sad event, as to one of our next neighbors, this morning. Mr. Curtis, an agent of the Worcester Railroad Company, was mortally wounded, while looking out of a car, when in rapid motion under the Washington street bridge. He survived only an hour. In the midst of life, we are in death. Lord, so teach me to number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom."

"16. Susan, in carrying out my tea tray, dropped it, and its contents became one broken mass. This

is the second time that she has been instrumental of such an occurrence. It is requisite for housekeepers to be forbearing, but still they are sometimes severely tried. I find it very needful that there should be, at least occasionally, a practical application of the petition, Lord, enable me to possess my soul in patience."

"September 11. On my way home from a walk, I came near being killed. A shop window, put up for its paint to dry, was violently blown on to my temple, and threw me off from the side-walk under a horse and wagon. Some person assisted me up and into a store. Here I applied some water to the part which was injured and much swollen. A carriage took me home, in a very different condition from that in which I was a short time before. Gratitude to God expanded my heart, that I was no more seriously hurt. My face is very much discolored, and one of my eyes was closed for three days. We do not always perceive why we are afflicted, but we can safely leave its explanation to our omniscient Father, who governs the world with infinite wisdom. May he sanctify this trial to my soul and for his glory."

"October 6. The first Sabbath, since my temple was bruised, that I have been able to attend public worship. Partook of the Lord's supper. I trust that, in some humble degree, I have taken part in the privileges of this holy day, as a disciple of Christ should."

"26. Another week has closed on this gay, bustling world. Though millions of its survivors make

no preparation for the better portion of eternity, they are rapidly borne forward to the judgment-seat, where the decision will be made, from which their temporal excuses can obtain no appeal."

"November 28. We spent Thanksgiving day at sister Osgood's of Salem. It was the scene of much social enjoyment. But as a shadow upon its light, was the frequent recurrence of memory, that just two years ago we were called to take our farewell of mother Felt,* on her dying bed. Still we had dear relatives and friends, abundant privileges and mercies, to bless the present life, and justly command the renewed consecration of our all to the supreme Source of every good and perfect gift."

"December 1. I am once more permitted to behold the commencement of winter. Whether this will ever be allowed me again, thou, God, knowest. If so, may I live more devotedly to thee, than I ever have. If not, may I die unto thee."

"28. Engaged all day in reading to my dear husband, who is confined with sickness. Lord, help me so to act my part in these probationary scenes, as that when they close, I may, through the infinite merits of my blessed Redeemer, rise to the perfect life and blessedness of his kingdom."

"1840. January 16. Intelligence reached Boston, that the steamer Lexington, with one hundred and seventy persons on board, mostly passengers, sailed from New York at three o'clock, P. M., for Stonington, was burnt to the water's edge and sunk. Only

* Mother died December 14, 1839.

three were saved. The tidings spread a gloom over the whole aspect of the public.

> 'Oft our most sanguine view th' event deceives,
> And veils in sudden grief the smiling ray.'

"Such calamities should impressively and effectually teach us our momentary exposure to death, and our obligation to keep our lamps trimmed and burning, in readiness for the appearance of our Lord and Master in the allotments of his judgment."

"March 2. Fifty years since I was born! How much of the perfect duty have I omitted, which I should have performed. Father, grant me pardon for the past and help for time to come. May the Comforter aid me to spend the remainder of my days, few or many, more faithfully to thine honor and glory.

> 'Each moment on the former shuts the grave.
> While man is growing, life is in decrease;
> And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
> Our birth is nothing but our death begun;
> As tapers waste, that instant they take fire.' "

"April 2. *Fast day.* Attended meetings, forenoon and afternoon. It appears to be a time of remarkable refreshing from the presence of the Lord. He is doing great and marvelous works, whereof we should be glad. Unusual attention to religion prevails in Boston. Revivals are reported from almost every part of the world. May this year be indeed one of the right hand of the Most High."

"May 3. It was our communion. O that these

precious seasons may be sanctified more and more to my soul."

"10. Sickness prevented my attendance on public worship. This is the privation of much spiritual enjoyment to me, who have been seldom kept from the courts of the Lord. May the thoughts of my mind and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O God, my strength and my Redeemer."

"16. We saw Walker's exhibition of tulips at the Public Garden. There were thousands of them, of various sizes and colors. They were exceedingly beautiful. Oh! Lord, how manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all. The inventive genius of man has done much to exalt his fame and benefit his fellow race. Still, he is but a very humble imitator of his Maker's greatness."

We might proceed to select numerous other passages of this kind, as exercises of our beloved friend's communion with her heavenly Father. But what has been offered, may do for our present purpose.

Traveling Extracts.—The succeeding selections are from journals of excursions, as waymarks of life, to bring continually before us the welcome recollections of their author, whose circuits are done with earth, and, as we trust, are removed to the perfect spheres of heaven, to revive our despondencies, and quicken our pace of duty, in the remaining, short stage of probation.

"May 13, 1838. Thermometer over 80°. Sat out at six o'clock this morning, in the rail cars for Providence. Much delighted with the mode of traveling. Never before in such a carriage. The novelty of it was attractive. The human ingenuity exhibited in it, wonderful, whereby steam may be the motive power of complicated machinery, to transport passengers and baggage from place to place, with so much ease and velocity. We were only two hours in going forty miles, with scarcely any fatigue. Looked at various institutions and curiosities. Much fatigued. Retired to rest, thankful that we had been preserved so far on our way."

"14. Occupied our spare time and attention, as yesterday. In the evening we heard two profitable sermons at the Episcopal church."

"15. Visited Brown University. Were kindly shown its objects of principal interest. In the afternoon, we went to Stonington, where, from the car, we immediately embarked on board of the 'Rhode Island,' for New York. I never was before in a steam-boat, except across a ferry. Such was the bustle of the crowd, and the novelty of the scene, I could get no sleep. After reaching the city, the public houses were so crowded, we found it difficult to be accommodated. We were politely shown the New York University. The chapel was beautiful. Its large window of painted glass is grand. I could have viewed it all day and continually seen a new attraction show itself."

"16. Participating in the great desire of the public, not yet satiated, in beholding the steamers of

England when they sailed; we were carried by a stage, amid plenty of rain, to the Battery, that we might see the Great Western commence her course homeward. This sight-seeing is pleasant to the eye, but very fatiguing to the body. I do not recollect that I was ever more entirely overcome. The strength of nature 'could no further go.'"

"17. Thankful to our heavenly Father, that he has prospered us in our journey so far, and commending ourselves to his guidance, we took passage on board of the steamer New Haven, for the city of like name. The trip was somewhat rough. It made the ladies sick, nor did it excuse me from the list. Though so affected, I could not but be much interested in the capital of squares, ornamented with superb elms, abundant in beautiful scenery and sacred stillness, so as to hold the mind in admiration."

"18. From the valuable library, we went to the like estimated geological apartment, said to be the finest collection in the country. Then we were guided to Trumbull's gallery of paintings. Here our vision was richly regaled with copies and originals. Bishop Berkley and his family commanded special notice. We were interested in the portrait of Professor Fisher, particularly so from the sad occasion of his demise. Having embarked for Europe, to improve his philosophical studies, he was lost on board of the Albion, wrecked the latter part of April, 1822, on the coast of Ireland. There were productions from those of Corregio and Raphael, very attractive. Were a description of all to be made, it

would fill a volume. They are represented as painted by Col. Trumbull. It shows how much the mind of good taste, directing the hand, can accomplish with persevering labor. Towards evening, we rode and took a view of the city. It is indeed beautiful. We passed the burial-ground. It so abounds in ornamental trees, that it looks more like a garden, than the last earthly home of man. Commended ourselves to the dear Shepherd, who never slumbers nor sleeps, and welcomed the rest, rendered doubly grateful by the day's pleasant toil."

"20. We took the afternoon stage for Hartford."

"21. We sought out the residence of Mrs. Sigourney, the noted poetess. It is a very romantic and lovely spot. It is reported, that owing to some pecuniary embarrassment, the place has been for sale during some time. We are told, that some of her friends intend to clear it and reconvey it to her hands. This would be a grateful expression of kindness, and a just tribute to talent and genius. We called at Mr. Clerc's mansion, near the Asylum, of which he is a professor. We were very politely received by his wife, who is a mute, and a lovely daughter, of about fourteen, who manifests the full possession of all the senses. There are three children more, each alike favored."

"22. Visited the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. Mr. Clerc informed his class that we had come to see them. They immediately wrote on their slates: 'We are glad to see Mr. Felt and lady;' some, 'Mr. and Mrs. Felt;' and one, 'I am very glad to see them, I wish they would stay two or three days.'

I never saw any collection of human beings, alike numerous, bereft of two important senses, apparently intelligent and happy, which took a deeper hold of my sympathies. When looking at them, my heart filled with gratitude to God, that had inspired the stewards of his bounty to feel for others' woe, and provide so noble a charity for their relief; and especially, that they may not only be taught worldly wisdom, but, what is above all price, the knowledge of salvation through Jesus Christ. The situation of the Institution, commanding a remarkably pleasant view of the surrounding scenery, is delightful. Convenience and neatness abounded in all its apartments. The lodging-rooms for boys have about one hundred beds; some single, others double. They are well ventilated, and have an excellent prospect. There are some fine countenances among each of the sexes. I saw poor Julia Brace; being deaf, dumb and blind! I pitied her from the bottom of my heart. She looked better in health and person, than I expected, but still an object of deep commiseration. Her sense of feeling is very acute. She examined me twice, and touched almost every thing I had on. The report, if made, might be very curious and amusing, but will never be known."

"23. A full stage received us at four o'clock, and landed us at Worcester, having carried us over sixty miles in less than twelve hours."

"24. We rode to the Antiquarian Hall, and were politely shown its interesting treasures. We passed the Insane Hospital. It honors the benevolent affections of its providers. We saw some of its inmates.

Part looked sad, others wild, and all as if some calamity had befallen them. Returned to the hotel and made preparation to leave in the morning for home, sweet home."

"25. At six o'clock in the morning, left in the cars for Boston, and reached our own dwelling at nine o'clock, thankful for the varied mercies of our absence, from the ever-sustaining and protecting arm of the Almighty."

"June 12, 1839. In the afternoon we took cars for Providence, then a steamer to Stonington, and went on board of the Massachusetts, for New York. Here we arrived in the morning and put up at the Mansion House, kept by Mrs. Bunker, thankful to the Father of mercies, that he has kept us as in the hollow of his hand."

"14. After visiting, the day before, the places and objects of our curiosity, we became passengers of the steam-boat Erie, for Albany. The scenery of the Hudson was various and delightful. We were twelve hours on the river. To the Giver of our daily enjoyments, our hearts lifted their evening oblation of thanks."

"15. About eight o'clock, set out for Utica by rail, where we arrived at two o'clock. There we went on board a canal packet, and sailed to Rome. Here we spent the Sabbath. We heard Mr. Norton, on Christ's temptation in the wilderness. It was an instructive discourse. In the afternoon, the Lord's supper was administered. This service, so suited to the spiritual necessities of mankind, wherever

they are and of whatever condition, was solemn, and, I hope, profitable to my soul."

"17. The sun welcomed us in the gorgeous display of his beams. We breakfasted at five o'clock, and rode to the landing for the packet, which immediately took us on board. I was quite alone in the ladies' cabin. No person of my sex appeared there except the stewardess, till nearly eight in the evening, when one, with a little boy, made her appearance. From the smallness of the boats, the accommodations are necessarily stinted. The gamblers, who infest them, are a pest to well educated travelers."

"18. We came to Rochester at four o'clock in the afternoon, and went to the Eagle Hotel. After supper we walked to the Genesee Falls. 'Many, O Lord my God, are thy wonderful works, which thou hast done.'"

"19. Took the stage for Lockport, being fifty miles distant. This was the only section of our route, we so traveled. As the inmates were polite and intelligent, the way was very agreeable. Then cars bore us to the Niagara Cataract House. The mighty waters, of which information had often been conveyed to us, we now hear with our own ears,

> 'Run down the lofty mountain's channeled sides,
> And to the vale convey their foaming tides.'"

"20. Surveyed the Falls before breakfast. The grandeur and sublimity of the scene exceeded those of all my previous realization. If ever there be a moment when we feel that we are nothing, and God

every thing, it must be when we see and hear the rush of such a mighty flood, which has been thus in motion for indefinite ages. 'Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty.' Rev. xv. 5. Having breakfasted, we crossed over to the Canada side, conducted in a small boat, propelled by an experienced and skillful oarsman. The thought of being liable, through his failure, to be carried down the torrent and speedily drowned, took no small degree from the pleasure of the trip. But in such exigencies, I have found it best for me, after having humbly committed myself to the Almighty Protector, to overcome the dread of peril by hope of safety. We rode several miles on the British territory. Saw Lundy's Lane, where our forces and those of England met in disastrous conflict in the last war. May the Lion and the Eagle never more be arrayed against each other. Had another view of the Niagara, varied in its grand prospect by the change of our position. Among the admirable objects of vision about us, was a superb rainbow. Saw the place where Dr. Hungerford, of Albany, was lately killed by the falling of rocks on the American side. His name, as written on the book of the Cataract House, was shown us. The ejaculation arose, 'May his record have been on high.' In the afternoon, we left for Lewiston, where we embarked on board of the steamer Great Britain, of excellent accommodations."

"21. Being carried over a hundred miles on Lake Ontario, we reach Oswego at nine o'clock, two hours beyond our time, because of over-passing the

port in a thick fog. Take passage in a canal packet for Utica. Pass by one hundred and twenty manufactories of salt, boiled from the water of salt springs."

"22. Reached Utica about eight o'clock, A. M., and became inmates of Bragg's hotel, where we rested from the inconveniences and fatigues of canal traveling."

"23. Attended worship and heard a Dutch Reformed preacher. His subject was, 'Christians, once far off from God, had been brought nigh unto him, through Christ.' Nothing is better, if action must be continued, than attention to such truth, to ease exhausted bodies and weary minds; and naught equals it to confer peace on disturbed consciences, and safety on imperiled souls."

"24. Took a carriage, with others, for Trenton Falls. The descent of them together was about sixty feet, but viewed separately they were of less height than those of Genesee at Rochester. While ascending an eminence to obtain a select view, there was much peril. This was greatly increased by the slipperiness occasioned by the rain and mud of the track. It was with great exertion we kept ourselves from sliding down to the torrent. We dined where visitors to the premises usually resorted. Reached our quarters at Utica about seven o'clock, much fatigued, and thankful to our heavenly Father, that he had suffered none of our steps to slide."

"25. Set out for Saratoga Springs, where we arrived at six o'clock, evening. Went to a public house, of which there are an abundance. After

*

supper, we visited and tasted of several springs. The crowd of persons, apparently influenced more by dissipated objects than by those of health, rendered the scene and the contemplation of it sad and painful."

"26. At seven o'clock, morning, took our journey for Albany, where we left the cars at eleven o'clock. Had our lodgings at the Temperance House, kept by Mr. Safford, a Massachusetts man. Looked around the city and saw much for pleasant vision and remembrance."

"27. Having breakfasted, went on board the steamer for New York, and put up at the Astor House. Of the passengers down the North River with us, was a Canadian gentleman, aged eighty-seven, on a visit to the city to take leave of a grandson bound for Paris."

"28. Crossed over to Jersey City in a steamer, and there were received by cars for Philadelphia. Here we arrived in less than six hours, and booked ourselves at the hotel kept by Capt. Jeffries. Broke some ground for curiosity's sake. Saw in Peale's Collection the Mastadon, or mammoth skeleton."

"29. Visited Girard College, not yet finished; remarkable for the provision of the founder, to exclude the influence of evangelical religion from all its students. But God is infinitely wiser than man. We visited the Water Works at Fairmount. The tout ensemble is surpassingly beautiful."

"30. A friend conducted us to hear Rev. Mr. Barnes. His topic was, 'dying the death of the righteous.'"

"July 1. The steamer took us for Wilmington, where cars received us for Baltimore. After dinner in this city, we were taken by cars for Washington in two hours we put up at Gadsby's."

"2. We took a carriage and visited the lions of the city, such as the Capitol, and the President's house. Then we passed over to Georgetown, and saw the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. Returned and made preparation for commencing our journey homeward. The thought of this revives my heart. As the varied and multiplied mercies of our way crowd upon my memory, I cannot but sincerely adopt the passage:

> 'Whether amid the gloom of night I stray,
> Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
> Still Nature's various face informs my sense
> Of an all-wise, all-powerful Providence.' "

"5. After an absence of three weeks and two days, we reached our own dear home, at ten o'clock in the morning. We found all in perfect safety. My soul rose in love and gratitude to my gracious God, who had kept us in the house and by the way, returned us in health and comfort, laden with the rich experience of his loving kindness and tender mercy."

"1845, May 16. On board the British steamer Hibernia, bound for Liverpool, with about one hundred and twenty passengers. While at dinner, the ship rolled heavily, and the ladies were compelled to absent themselves as soon as possible. The seasickness which they dreaded had overtaken them.

In their hasty retreat to their state-rooms, they were sensibly reminded of the one hundred and seventh Psalm: 'They reel to and fro and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end.' "

"18. Still stormy, and we have not reached Halifax, as we expected. Our sickness abated somewhat. No public worship. But our hearts, though humble temples, endeavored to offer to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, those oblations which they righteously command of us for the general and special mercies which they have bestowed on us every moment of our lives."

"19. The storm and dense fog so prevail, that homesickness almost unites with them to increase the wish that we may soon enter the anticipated port. About twelve o'clock, a great shout was heard on deck. It was speedily explained, as the result of beholding the atmosphere clear away, and give a full view of Halifax. The contrast of countenance, speech and action, in the passengers, was strikingly visible. The emission from thick mist to clear sunshine was exhilarating, and threw a hopeful light on every prospect."

"20. The ocean and the sky form the expansion of our vision.

'Through Nature wide,
Is nought descried,
So rich in pleasure or surprise,
When all serene,
How sweet the scene!
How dreadful, when the billows rise!' "

"22. Aroused early with the report that we were surrounded with icebergs. Large pieces of the

field ice all about us require that the steamer be steered very cautiously, and before night, that she should lay to. Evidently some hearts tremble. Did the peril restrain the gamblers and drinkers, who are watchful to ensnare the inexperienced youth, it would be well. They who are concerned in the profits of the bar call us, who refuse to run up large bills for brandy, icebergs. We should rejoice in the name, and more in the abstinence, which it implies."

"23. Thanks to our Heavenly Father, that we are permitted to behold the light of another day. We drifted about three miles an hour during the night. The weather is exceedingly cold. The sails and rigging are covered with ice. There are mountains of it, two and three hundred feet above the surface of the sea, at a distance, and an innumerable number of them fearfully near. After apparently steering clear of our perilous surroundings, we began to feel encouraged that we should advance with usual speed. But we soon had sensible evidence that they were of greater quantity and danger than those we had already passed. The attention was called to a very lofty mountain of ice far away. I must say, that to me it was *distance* that lent enchantment to the view. Steam was put by, and drifting towards clear water was adopted. At two o'clock resumed the usual trim of the ship, except one paddle-wheel, rendered entirely useless for the rest of the passage. When the danger of this scene was apparent, the hearts of some were induced by it to seek the Lord. They obtained

leave from the captain to hold an evening prayer meeting in the ladies' saloon. This service was performed several times. With an emphatic warning that death might be nigh at hand, they felt that it was not only consistent for them, but also in accordance with their need, duty and inclination, to pay their vows unto the Most High, and call upon Him in the day of trouble. He was pleased to deliver us, and glory be to His name."

"25. Being Sabbath, we attended Episcopal service, performed by Bishop Southgate. It was good to have holy time thus spent in the worship of God, through whom we have all our mercies and the hope of a blessed immortality. About seven o'clock in the evening, there was a cry that a vessel was in sight. She came very near, and our captain spoke with her commander. She was from Liverpool, bound to Halifax. Each exchanged his stock of special news. Ours was careful to inform the other where we encountered the immense fields of ice, so that he could avoid our perilous experience. This interview pleasantly broke the spell of loneliness which had rested upon us, and revived our hope that we should meet others of our race on the wide ocean, and hold social converse with them."

"26. In the afternoon, there was a report circulated, though official authority tried to suppress it, that men were employed in the lower hold to extinguish a fire, kindled there by a spark from the engine. The alarm was seriously and fearfully true. But its occasion was soon energetically removed. The additional hazard led us more feelingly to com-

mend ourselves to Him who never slumbers nor sleeps."

"31. This has been a tiresome day. We reached Liverpool. Went through the bustle of landing at the port, leaving our baggage at the custom house for examination, obtaining lodgings at the Adelphi, and then getting our trunks to our rooms. Though the novelties, in every direction, tended to keep up our spirits, they could not prevent our feeling exceedingly fatigued. Retired early to rest, heartily thankful to God that he had watched over us during a long, stormy and perilous passage, and brought us thus far safely on our way."

"June 1. I was so weary, and the streets so muddy, I could not attend worship till the afternoon, being at half past six o'clock. Then we heard Rev. Dr. Raffles, who delivered a sermon on the decease of one of his deacons. Text from fifty-first Psalm, fifteenth verse: 'O Lord, open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.' To me the church was connected with interesting associations. Here, in the front, is a marble cenotaph of the Rev. Thomas Spencer, who was drowned while bathing, about thirty years since. Death, and its remedies of salvation, as a most merciful appointment of the Gospel, are the same in every part of our apostate world."

"2. We left Liverpool for London. Hardly had we set out, when we suddenly entered a long and intensely dark tunnel. At the first stopping-place, our car, in the form of a coach, and with six large seats, back and front, received three females. Two

of these manifested themselves to be highly accomplished. They afforded us varied and abundant information. The most that a merchant passenger seemed to care about our Republican United States was, to dwell on their offences of repudiation. He instanced the case of Pennsylvania. What appeared as a wise regulation, policemen were stationed all along the railroads. There is more care of human life here than on our railroads. Stafford Castle attracted our attention. After reaching the depot in London, at six o'clock, we were taken, with our baggage, in a cab, three miles for 3/., to Queen street. Here we became boarders at the house of Deacon Moor, having a letter of introduction to his wife from Boston. As we always need, and are never weary with receiving the gifts of God, so is it dutiful, and should be our happiness, to bless his name for them another day, amidst the constant succession of novelties, never before meeting our eyes."

"3. Rose early and visited Southwalk Bridge, over the River Thames. Of this stream I had often read and heard, and long wished to see its waters. Returned to breakfast, with no less appetite for it, because we had, in some measure, satiated our curiosity. After this meal, we went to St. Paul's. Such an immense pile of architecture, so symmetrical, so harmonious as a whole, was wonderful; and I felt as if I never could be tired with it, as an object of vision."

"4. So engaged, we could only take a short excursion over the Thames, and indulge in a general survey."

"5. We sailed up the Thames, and paid our devoirs to Westminster Abbey. Of this structure we took an external survey. It greatly exceeded my anticipation. We then entered it by the Poet's Corner. There we were met with marble likenesses of Milton, Gay, Mason, Gray, Shakespeare, and many others, with whose productions I had spent many happy hours. Conducted from one point of view to another, I perceived that this manner of sight-seeing was very wearing to body and mind. Before we finished our intended exploration, I was compelled to feel and say, I could go no further. We were glad to reach our lodgings, and, kindly sustained by the Father of lights, I did not go out again till Monday the 9th. Of all the glory I had seen referred to at Westminster Abbey, its greatest height and depth are expressed in the description of Waller:

'——That antique pile behold—
Where royal heads receive their sacred gold;
It gives them crowns and does their ashes keep.'"

"9. We visited the Tower. We looked at the prison where Sir Walter Raleigh was confined. The armory, with its grand array of knights and horses, presents an imposing sight. They looked as if they would actually run over you. Henry the Eighth was one of the most conspicuous among them; but as I never liked his character, I passed on to another of more deserved repute, and this was Edward Sixth. The appearance of Queen Elizabeth was very graceful, exactly as she was on some

public occasion. The Tower is associated in its history with so much that is revolting, connected with sufferings of the innocent, it seems as if it were consecrated by their prayers, tears and groans. We viewed the crown jewels. Such a display of topazes, rubies, pearls and diamonds, we never before saw. Among them is the sea-diamond, said to be unequaled in size by any other in the world, except that owned by the King of Prussia. The collection is of immense worth, and associated with numerous incidents of great interest. But they have no power to prolong the life of their possessors a single moment, or obtain for them the least favor beyond the last limit of their probation. A portion in Christ is the only pearl of great price, which can provide for the spiritual good of mortals here and hereafter forever."

"10. Visited Regent's Park, at the West End. It abounds in beautiful places, adorned with flowers, shrubs and trees. It is one of the most delightful parts of the capital. Still with the dweller there, as in all other parts of the world, they are less noticed by him as he becomes acquainted with them."

"12. We had tickets to visit a Charitable Anniversary at St. Paul's. There were about five thousand children of both sexes assembled. Their dress was according to the direction of the associations who patronized them. It was supposed, that the whole audience consisted of ten thousand. The Bishop of Peterborough preached a sermon. But with all our attempts to be attentive, we did not

distinctly hear a single word. Whatever may have been the trumpet, it gave to us, without the fault of any one, an altogether uncertain sound. The sight of so large a concourse of children, drawn from poverty, vice and every evil example, and brought under the care of guardians, who provide for their wants and instructions, and thus put them in the way of being blessings and not curses to society, as well as to themselves, was one of deep pleasure and high hope to the soul. When the clerk read prayers, all the girls simultaneously put their white aprons to their eyes. This was probably an emblem of devotion, though it might strike some as more affected than religious. When all the children sang the grand chorus of 'God save the Queen,' the impression was grand."

"19. From our new lodgings in Cecil Street, we made a very pleasant visit to the Royal Society's collection of paintings. Of many a production there, it may be truly said, 'The painting is almost the natural man.'"

"20. We had a very instructive, though fatiguing survey of the various, curious and abundant specimens of art and nature, from every climate of the globe, at the British Museum. Samples of Etrurian ware, some of it from Pompeii, were plenty. There was so much of every variety, suited to the purposes of the institution, it is difficult to particularize."

"22. We attended worship at the house of Rev. Dr. Cummings, of the Scotch Independent persuasion. He discoursed on the book of Leviticus, as a part of his exegetical lectures, ably and evangelically.

The sanctuary, which was of ordinary architecture, was crowded. There was evidently more care for essential benefit in spiritual interests than for worldly show."

"24. Our course in the afternoon, was to Hyde Park. Here were many splendid carriages, whose owners, of noble rank, were driven by servants in livery of magnificent appearance. More estimate seemed to be put upon the grandeur of the equipage, in order to meet the claims of fashion, than any thing else."

"26. Mr. Felt's engagements keep him away, during the forenoon, till after one o'clock. I endeavor not to cherish feelings of loneliness. I am very thankful that I can, with proper employment, be contented; and enjoy the experience indicated by the words:

> 'Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
> I am surrounded still with God.'"

"29. We endeavored to obtain a convenient seat at Westminster Abbey. But we could not. One of the servitors kept the key of each pew, which was full, so that none could leave his place orderly unless the servitor is present. The choristers, as usual, were dressed in white gowns. The prevalent form of the occasion led us to think, that there was no wonder that our Puritan fathers seceded from the Establishment. After our return home, we read several interesting sermons, published by Rev. Dr. Tyng, of Philadelphia, who had boarded in the same house."

"July 1. Visited the National Gallery of Paintings. Here were chef d'œuvres of the old masters. The coloring and tinting of some among them were so perfect, that they kept your vision almost spell-bound. Though West's picture of Christ Healing the Sick had gained the honor of admission among them, it by no means discredited their reputation. The expression of the Saviour's countenance was every thing lovely and divine. As I gazed upon it, I felt my eyes suffused with tears, and my heart filled with love and gratitude to him for his mission of unbounded benevolence to redeem lost sinners."

"3. We rode to Kensington Gardens. After reaching the premises, you seem almost beyond the haunts of dense population. You are embowered in thick clumps of the largest English elms; at a little distance a beautiful playing fountain welcomes you; you next behold flocks of ducks swimming in a large pond; gentlemen, ladies and children strolling in different directions. The whole appearance prevents you from realizing that you are in the midst of more than one million of people. Among the most attractive features of the capital are its rural parks, squares, crescents and gardens, so that all classes may enjoy the luxury of fresh air, green scenery and pleasant walks in the heart of a mighty population."

"5. In going down the Thames, we saw the Lambeth Palace. It was agreeably associated in my mind with relations given by Mrs. E. Carter, of her visits to the Bishop's family, who occupied the memorable pile."

*

"12. We went to Windsor Castle. Saw much which, however beautiful and splendid, had no power to stay the mortal progress of its successive owners. Here Queen Elizabeth and many others, who sported their royal authority in all its pomp and pride, found their last resting-place. We walked in the garden where they once walked, but it now knows them no more, and says to every survivor, who paces its delightful walks and enjoys its charming scenery, be ye also ready for the judgment of probation's stewardship. We saw tapestry on walls, which looked like excellent painting, with Scriptural representations, like that of Esther's story. Had a fine view of Eton College, which the poet Gray has immortalized by his classic Ode, and before which the river Isis winds its devious ways. His verse applied to our position.

> 'And ye, that from the stately brow
> Of Windsor's heights, the expanse below
> Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
> Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
> Wanders the hoary Thames along
> His silver winding way.'

"We are often reminded of his remark on the early and late experience of the scholars who once sported in this vicinity :

> —— 'Where ignorance is bliss,
> 'Tis folly to be wise.'

"The Castle is a noble structure. We ascended its back stairs of one hundred steps. History informs us, that a part of it was built as far back as the reign of Julius Cæsar, and it looks as though it might have

been. May the aspect of peace, which now covers its fortifications, long continue undisturbed."

"17. We took passage in the steamer James Watt, for Havre. The weather and sea very rough. I was even more sick than I was in crossing the Atlantic. But of all persons I ever saw thus affected, no one was more dangerously so than a French lady who was with us. She was both pale and convulsed. Not only herself, but the stewardess thought she was dying, for several hours. But after long application of reputed remedies, she recovered in some degree. The captain stated, that he had known individuals to die with sea-sickness in those waters. Reached Havre at nine o'clock in the forenoon of the next day. Had our baggage examined at the custom house. Towards evening, after getting some strength, walked and saw the city walls. As every object of men and things wore the aspect of novelty, we did not lack for amusement of vision."

"19. Took passage in a diligence for Paris. Reached Rouen about three o'clock, where we dined. Here our carriage was put on wheels, suited to the railroad. We were carried to the post office, and our baggage examined. It was now nearly midnight. Went to the Byron Hotel, as recommended to us. It was full, and lodgings were obtained for us at another public house, with the understanding that we should return thither for our breakfast. If ever I could feelingly, borne down by fatigue, adopt the language of Pope's Odyssey, it was now :

'My weary nature craves the balm of rest.'"

"20. Though it was the Sabbath, you could perceive nothing around you which denoted the recurrence of holy time. After breakfast, necessity induced us to take lodgings at the Victoria Hotel. Here we rested and communed with God in our hearts, and looked to him for protection and guidance in all our ways. After days of severe toil, surrounded by strangers, with but little to remind us of our fathers' religion and its consolations, there was an increase of sympathy with the passage :

> 'Home is the resort
> Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
> Supported and supporting, polish'd friends
> And dear relations mingle into bliss.'"

"21. We hired an interpreter for five francs a day, a coach and two horses for twenty francs, and a driver for two francs. Thus accommodated, we set out to visit curiosities of the capital as follow.

"The place where Louis XVI. and Maria Antoinette were beheaded, and the chapel erected to their memory. Sad indication of popular passion, broken from the restraints of reason and religion, and unchecked by the wholesome restraints of salutary power.

"The triumphal arch, designed by Napoleon I., to commemorate his victories. This flatters human ambition. But it is connected with the trial and awards of irresistible justice.

"The chapel, erected by Louis Phillip to the memory of his son, the Duke of Orleans, on the place where the latter was killed by jumping from

his carriage, while its frightened horses were running at their highest speed. The paintings touchingly represented all the particular scenes of the occasion. I could scarcely refrain from weeping. It was one of the most sudden and saddest teachings of Providence:

'Lean not on earth.'

"Hospital of Invalids. While approaching this institution, a gen d'arme stopped and opened our carriage, to ascertain if we were smugglers. We, of course, negatived his search, and he found nothing to confirm his suspicion or justify our farther retention. Such interference had been probably occasioned by abuse of law, but to us, from a free land, it had too much the air of tyranny. The Hospital is a noble establishment. We were three hours walking through its various apartments and grounds. The sisters of charity were there, in different directions, to visit the sick. They appeared with their universal head-dress, of the finest linen, quilled, and adding much to their neat and pretty appearance. Their office and character secured to them much respect. Each invalid is entitled to a piece of ground, which he may cultivate to suit his taste. Some of these spots were very beautiful. The most of them contain likenesses of Napoleon, conspicuously arranged. Having served under him in the wars of France, and shared in his kindness to its military population, they are ingenuous and abundant in their expressions of honor and gratitude to him. We saw the church where the bones of this

warrior lay. A splendid monument is being erected to his memory. When the wisdom of the gospel shall hold all minds, hearts and lives under millennial sway, he who does the most good to his fellowmen, will be hailed as the greatest hero; not he who developes his powers and applies his opportunities to destroy them, and perpetuate the reign of ambitious tyranny. The invalid officers dine every day on massive plate. The keeper showed it to us, and desired me to hold one of the dishes. I complied, but, being so heavy, it like to have dropped. This silver was a present from Maria Louisa, when she married Napoleon, as an act of policy to increase and prolong his military fame.

"Churches. Of these, St. Sulpice and Notre Dame. In the last, Napoleon was crowned. The coronation robes, abounding in diamonds, were the most magnificent of human works I ever saw. Here were splendid specimens of illuminated volumes, dated farther back than the twelfth century. Most attractive and excellent paintings of our Saviour met the eye. They were of such artistic skill I could not resist the feeling that he agonized and died on the cross for my redemption. Thus had I evidence of what often occurs in human experience, that the speechless work of art, through the medium of sense, may greatly affect the soul.

"Palace of Commerce. So excellent for its diversified and superior architecture, and for its fitness to amuse and accommodate the 'merchant princes' who assemble there. One, suitably situated, might well wish to be numbered among its directors. Of

the curious means to attract notice, each room had an elegant clock ; but all these time-keepers were different in design and appearance.

" After we had returned to our hotel and taken supper, our guide gave us an evening view.

" Boulevards. These long promenades, originally intended as bulwarks, are noted resorts for Parisian population. Formed into three alleys by four rows of large trees, the middle alley is used by carriages and persons on horseback, while the two lateral alleys are used for individuals on foot. Here was a multitude, pursuing their several routes, disengaged from daily avocations, breathing air fresher than that of their own domicils, and diverted with social conversation of equals in their various ranks.

" Bastile. We looked on the position where this antique castle held its fearful tenants for centuries, to subserve the purposes of unrestrained despotism. Here the man in the iron mask long had his abode. Being, as well known, an object of popular abhorrence in the Revolution, it was destroyed the 14th of July, 1789. Thus, soon or late, retribution does come. In the premises where so much human misery was endured, now stands a monument to commemorate the Revolution of the three days in the last of July, 1830. Under this monument is a large canal, where vessels of considerable tonnage continually pass.

" Palace of Francis the First. It is a very amusing specimen of antiquity. Its outside appearance, according to fixed order, has never been allowed to be changed. Its tenants have had leave to make

alterations inside, as they and their proprietors could agree. Their taste for architecture, construed by such indications, would seem, by one, to be that of modern times, but by the other, for that of over three centuries back.

"Exceedingly tired, and as the clock had reached nine, we were glad to take the backward track to our hotel. Thanking our Heavenly Father for his kind protection of us through this very busy day, and reading a portion of his sacred oracles, we commended ourselves to his care during the watches of the night."

"22. With the same accommodations we had yesterday, we set out to survey other wonders of Paris and vicinity.

"Louvre. As far back as Philip Augustus, it was a fortress. The section of its palace, called the Old Louvre, was begun under Francis I., and inhabited by Charles IX., who promoted the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day. Subsequently, the palace became a nursery of arts and sciences, and has so continued. The New Louvre has its various interesting associations. The gallery, which unites the Louvre with the Tuilleries, is over 1,200 feet long. The gardens of the latter are always open to accommodate the public, and they constitute a noted promenade. They exhibit many fine statues, bronzes, and casts. At the end of the gardens of the Tuilleries, between them and the Champs Elysèes, the Place de la Concorde is one of the most attractive spots in Paris. After giving too cursory a look at specimens of most beautiful paintings, and other

extraordinary productions of human art, at the Louvre, we lothfully took our leave.

" Versailles. On the way to this place, which is twelve miles from Paris, we stopped at a porcelain manufactory. Here were imitations of china in all its variety of species, kinds, forms and colors. We then hastened to the palace. This was occupied by Louis XIII. as a hunting seat. His successor on the throne enlarged it into a palace, with a forest of thirty miles in circumference. The principal buildings are magnificent. The gardens are beautiful, adorned with statues, canals and fountains. We saw an orangery, containing hundreds of trees in large boxes. Two of them were three centuries old. The apartments which contain paintings present a rich supply of this kind, as to number and celebrity. Among the sculptured likenesses of all the Archbishops of France, that of Fenelon most interested me, because more acquainted with his excellence of character. We were allowed to visit the chamber of Louis Phillip, which contained his jewels and crown, and other insignia of his uncertain sovereignty. This palace is open to the public almost every day, until four o'clock, and is a place of great resort. It contains specimens of nearly every work in nature and art, and has the means of rendering the wisest more wise. We took a comfortable dinner at an adjacent hotel, and were glad to see our rooms at the Victoria. As we reflected on a portion of the scenes which had greeted our eyes another day, and on the incidents of history

connected with them, we could not suppress associations like these :

> 'Oh! the precarious terms of human state!
> How blind is man!'"

"23. At two o'clock, afternoon, we took the diligence for Boulogne. Rode through several ancient walled cities. Reached our destination at nine o'clock, forenoon, and put up at Gardner's hotel, where English travelers commonly resort. This difference from what we had recently experienced, was much more acceptable to us, and seemed to bring us into communion with the conversation, manners and sympathies of our own fireside.

"25. Having obtained a permit for passing over to England, we left Boulogne at two, and reached Folkstone at five o'clock in the morning. The passengers' baggage was examined at the custom house. With all the vigilance used, smuggling in such articles as lace, is carried on in so small degree. The steamer which brought us over was made of iron, and was the first one of such material in which we ever sailed, except several on the Thames. The trial of iron in this respect has shown it to be more buoyant, and malleable, and useful, for maritime purposes, than the common impression indicated. Supped at Folkstone, and after a pleasant rest of two hours there, took the cars at six o'clock for London, where we arrived at half past eleven o'clock, nearly one hundred miles. Here a coach carried us several miles to our late lodgings, No. 6 Cecil Street, Strand. Thus safely returned, our

hearts expanded with thankfulness to God, and loved to dwell on the language of the Psalmist: 'Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation.'"

"26. An omnibus conducted us to Regent and Oxford Streets, where I made some purchases of clothing. I engaged a Mrs. W. Barton to make a dress for me."

"27. Rains. We spent the hours of sacred time profitably, as I trust. It reminds me, by contrast, of the convenient means which we enjoyed at home of waiting upon the Lord in his sanctuary. May I more fully appreciate and improve them."

"29. We visited the Zoological Garden, an excellent place to study natural history. It contains many rare and valuable specimens of animals. It was prepared with great care, so that it might gratify a taste for beauty, as well as secure a feeling of safety. While looking at two large lions, the sound of an approaching band of music caused them to roar terrifically and increasingly, and to look frightfully. Had they not been strongly restrained from breaking out, there could have been no security for our lives. The grounds were beautifully laid out with the rich and far distant, as well as nearer supplies of botanical productions. While we were there, the Chelsea Orphan School, about three hundred and fifty in number, mostly boys whose fathers had died in the national service, dressed in uniform, with a fine band of music made up from themselves, marched into the premises. They are taught the common branches of educa-

tion and some mechanical trade. When at the age of fifteen years, they are allowed to become apprenticed to such employment, or enter the army. It was a very pleasant scene to look upon so large a company, well provided for by the public, according to their need, and industriously engaged in partaking of a generous collation, under the shade of wide-spreading trees, while their faces indicated that more than ordinary happiness filled their souls. We could not but feel the ejaculation, May you fear the Lord from your youth, and his blessing be upon you forever. We were told of a boy among them, remarkable for talents, attainments, and good conduct. Queen Dowager Adelaide had him knighted and pensioned accordingly. When so honored, he was major of the band. He died, being only thirteen years old. Precociously developed, he was early cut off, to the disappointment of his friends."

"August 5. Took the cars at Shoreditch for Cambridge. On the way, saw a car broken to pieces, having one man killed and another badly wounded. This is supposed to come from ambition to see who will go the most miles an hour. From the recent calamities caused by it, there is an extensive and loud outcry. Reached the city of the muses about one o'clock, and put up at the Red Lion. After we had rested, a guide conducted us to see the Colleges. It was evident that, as fame had long reported, King's College Chapel was the chief among them for excellence of architecture. The walks by the river Ouse, as it winds through green grounds, the

largest of English elms, wide-spread weeping willows, and other ornamental trees of almost every description, are unusually charming. It being late, and a time of vacation, our survey was more limited than desirable. As we passed the several seats of learning where, for centuries, men had been educated, honored themselves and their race, by the improvement of their talents and opportunities, and enrolled their names high on the register of fame, we were reminded that they had successively entered on the awards of eternity, and found them only of blessedness to their spirits, whatever may have been their belief in life, as they had honored God while on the course of their probation."

"6. Set out in a stage-coach at seven o'clock in the morning from Cambridge, and reached Leicester, eighty-four miles, at half past four o'clock in the afternoon. On this route, we saw many valuable farms and thriving towns. The land presented fine views and appeared well cultivated. Passed through Stamford, where a notice informed us that Daniel Lambert, noted for his corpulency and great weight, had his burial-place. While riding through a town, we perceived that a fair was held there, and that drunkenness, one of its usual concomitants, where temperance has not planted its salutary influence, sadly demonstrated its degrading effects upon many of its slaves. An old gentleman, very respectable in dress and other appearances, except a habit of intoxication, became an unwelcome inmate of our carriage. He seemed little to realize how much his uncurbed indulgence sunk him in the estimation of strangers,

*

and robbed them of the happiness which he was in duty bound to afford them by his regular deportment. At Leicester, the cars took us for York, and landed us there at half past ten o'clock. This was the ancient Eboracum of the Romans, and a principal residence of their emperors and commanders. We took lodgings at the Black Swan, an excellent hotel. We felt grateful to our heavenly Father, that he had enabled us to come so far with safety and more than ordinary enjoyment. In view of his constant mercies towards us, we may say with Parnel:

> 'For which our thanks be justly sent above,
> Enlarged by gladness, and inspired with love.' "

"7. We visited the Minster. It is the most magnificent structure that ever I saw, except St. Paul's and Westminster. In its "totality" it is even unparalleled in the kingdom. It was founded 628, and forty-one years afterwards had its windows filled with glass, being several years before this article was manufactured in England. Like its inhabitants, the Cathedral has undergone remarkable changes. Of the Cardinals, who took particular interest in its concerns, was Wolsey, who succeeded to such an office, 1514. This dignitary, more "led by glory's meteors," than by the principles and example of his divine Master, fell from his eminence and vainly mourned his loss,

> —— 'While ghosts of pleasure haunt him to his tomb.'

"York is a fine old city, which, with its walls and relics of the Romans, continually discovered, has

numerous attractions for the antiquary. At half past eleven o'clock in the morning, we took the cars for New Castle, where we arrived at half past three o'clock in the afternoon, and put up at King George's Inn, glad enough to rest."

"8. A coach, holding four adults, though the daughter of a Scotch lady, seven years old, made a fifth, took us for Edinborough at eight o'clock in the morning. Our company was very intelligent and agreeable. We passed several places, noted in history, such as Cheviot Hills, Douglass's Cave, Jedbury Abbey, Melrose Abbey, and Walter Scott's residence at Abbotsford. We arrived at Edinborough at eight o'clock, evening, and booked our names at Waterloo Hotel, of excellent accommodations. Brought along safely by Him, who suffers not even a sparrow to fall without his notice, we heartily offered our evening sacrifice of gratitude to him, and committed ourselves to his gracious protection."

"9. Rested till the afternoon, when a carriage took us round the city. We perceived, as generally stated, that the upper or new section of the metropolis, was indeed beautiful. We saw Holyrood Castle. It has delightful scenery around it, and looks very romantic. Here, as well known, was the apartment of Queen Mary, to which conspirators ascended through a private door to assassinate Rizzio. We proceeded to Rev. Mr. Hunter's, who came in the coach with us from New Castle, and politely invited us to take tea with them. He and his wife treated us very civilly, and we had much enjoyment

in our visit. Their residence is pleasantly situated. Among the objects directly opposite to it, are Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Craig, associated with descriptions in Scott's Works."

"11. Cars took us to Glasgow, where we arrived at ten o'clock, forenoon. Here we had a comfortable breakfast at the Royal Hotel. On our way hither, we saw a palace of Linlithgow, where Queen Mary spent part of her time. We had a long walk, amusing ourselves with various and novel objects which met our vision. We saw the indications of a populous, industrious, and prosperous city. We went on board of the steamer for Belfast, which sailed at four o'clock, afternoon. Thus, on the beautiful Clyde, we were much gratified with the variegated scenery, as it appeared to us at different points of view in our progress. After such enjoyment, under moonlight, shed through flitting clouds, and visited with warm but tempered breezes, and borne along on the calm waters, we did not leave the deck till after ten o'clock. Our sleep was disturbed by the voice of the inebriated."

"12. We reached Belfast at five o'clock in the morning. Rested, walked out, and spent the day here at the Imperial Hotel. The place, as a gentleman stated, has one hundred thousand population. Those of them whom we saw seemed thriving, and much the same as the people of England and of our own country."

"13. A coach took us at seven o'clock in the morning, on our way to Dublin. We saw on the route several castles, the place where the Battle of Boyne

was fought, and one of the high round towers, near Drogheda. The country, for the most part, looked well cultivated. At the town last named, we took the cars for Dublin, 'famed in legends of romance,' where we were landed at half past four o'clock, afternoon, and put up at Gresham's Hotel. Still kept by the almighty and ever-watchful kindness of our Father, may we feel our renewed and increased obligation to serve him."

"14. Walked out to see how the city looked. It is supposed that as far back as A. D. 140, a town called by Ptolemy, Eblana, occupied the site of this capital. More than three centuries after this, the Danes are stated to have surrounded it with walls. Numerous are the facts which might be adduced to illustrate its history; but they must be omitted. The present appearance of Dublin, favored with wide streets and many fine buildings, and surrounded with beautiful scenery, is very attractive, far beyond my anticipation. The inhabitants were taller, and much more genteel in their deportment, than the Irish which we generally see in the United States. We visited the College. It has various edifices, situated on squares, beautifully set off with walks and grounds. Among its graduates, it was pleasant to remember Goldsmith."

"15. For the first time, we were carried by *jaunting* cars to the railroad terminus. There the rail cars conducted us to the steamer Medina, at Kingston. We sailed at seven o'clock in the morning, had a passage of twelve hours to Liverpool, and obtained lodgings at Mrs. Blodget's. A gratifying

feature of this establishment is, that its boarders are all Americans. This seems more like our own home than any thing we have met since we left its fireside. Bless the Lord, O my soul, that he has brought us to this place, whence we hope to embark soon for our native land."

"17. We heard a Scotch Presbyterian minister. His subject was joy in God. It was an excellent discourse. It seems long since I heard the preached Word comfortably. It was to my soul like dew to the parched ground. May it profit us and do us good, as it doth the upright in heart."

"18. Still the weather is not pleasant. Arranging for our departure on the morrow. May the Almighty give us a prosperous voyage. In Him alone do I trust. He is my rod and my staff. They comfort me."

"19. Left our lodgings at nine o'clock, forenoon, for a tender, which carried us to the steamer Caledonia, that sailed for America at twelve o'clock. My feet long to tread and move upon my native shore."

"20. Early this morning, a man who came on board yesterday, in a consumption, hoping to see his family in New Jersey, alone in his berth, and without a friend to soothe his dying hours, breathed his last. Sorrowful must have been the scene to him. What was his preparation for the close of life was unknown to the strangers embarked with him. Eternity will answer the question. A young Catholic claimed the supervision of his burial. The American flag covered his coffin. One light was

burning at his head, and another at his feet. The service was read in Latin, and of course was of little edification to the passengers and crew who attended. The body was cast overboard, and, with the weight attached to it, soon sunk from our sight. It was an impressive admonition to us, saying: 'Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh.' When I heard the splash of a fellow-passenger's remains in the ocean, there to continue till the summons of the judgment, and thought that there was no one present to shed a tear or breathe a sigh at his departure, it was a scene more gloomy than I ever witnessed, and I pray that it may never again be my lot."

"27. The weather and waves are somewhat moderated. We have had a very rough passage, with little exception, and I have been exceedingly sea-sick. God is constantly gracious to us. It is through Him we live and move and have our being. We owe Him more than we can ever repay. Our indebtedness to Him increases with every moment."

"31. The stewardess died this morning, after several days' sickness. Her remains were kept for burial at Halifax, as she requested. The church service was read, and a sermon preached by Dr. Parkman, of Boston. It is uncommon, on board of steamers, that there should be two deaths in so short a time. The instruction of such allotments should have their intended effect on our hearts and lives, and lead us to prepare for our own latter end.

'Thy force alone, Religion! death disarms.'"

"September 1. The morning pleasant, and our sail into Halifax delightful. Our view of it, on account of the weather, was much more attractive than on our outward passage. In view of deliverance from our perils, thus far, O Lord! 'thou hast been my help; therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.' 'Having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day.'"

Of several forms of prayer, written in the hand of our departed friend, we give the following. While it was the language of her lips, we have no question that it was also of her heart. The petitions then and often made by her, respecting her heavenly experience of salvation's blessings with perfected saints, we believe have been granted to her spirit by the mercy of God through Jesus Christ.

"Our Father, who art in heaven; Thou, who art of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, or look on evil, but with abhorrence; before whom angels bow and archangels veil their faces, and all the hosts of heaven, cry, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty; yet Thou condescendest to look with an eye of compassion on the guilty children of men; Thou permittest them to address thee, by the endearing name of Father; come nigh unto thee, cast all their care upon thee; and thou hast said, that thou wilt in no wise reject them from thy sacred presence. I confess, O Lord, that I am not worthy to lift my voice unto thee. I would lay my hand upon my mouth, and my mouth in the dust before

thee, crying unclean, unclean; God be merciful to me a miserable, guilty, perishing sinner. For the sake of my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, I humbly entreat of thee to come over the mountain of my sins, heal all my backslidings and love me freely. I acknowledge that I am not worthy to appear in thy sacred presence; to take thy great and holy name upon my sinful lips. I am continually sinning against thee, in thought, word and deed. Wert thou strict to mark iniquity against me, I could not stand a moment before thee. But thou art a God of infinite mercy. Thou art constantly doing me good all the days of my life. I thank thee for the blessings of thy providence and the privileges of thy grace. I beseech thee to grant me the influences of the Holy Spirit, to quicken me more and more in the course of duty, and render me more and more devoted to thee and to thy service, than I have ever yet been. Be pleased to be with me at this time; put words into my mouth, teach me what to say and how to utter it in thy sacred presence. Open thou the door of my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.

"I would have it as my prayer, gracious Father, for thy dear Son's sake, that thou wouldst have mercy on all those, who have no mercy on their own souls; who are living without God and without hope. I humbly beseech thee, O Lord, to incline their hearts to come unto thee; to seek thee whilst thou art to be found, and call upon thee whilst thou art near. Be pleased to send out thy light and thy truth. May it lead those to thee, who know thee

not, until all shall inquire the way to Zion, with their faces and hearts thitherward.

"Father of all mercies, I would affectionately commend to thee the church in this place. May each of its members grow in spiritual wisdom and understanding. May they all be enabled to let their light shine before the world, that others may take knowledge of them, that they have been with Jesus.

"I beseech thee, gracious God, for the dear Redeemer's sake, to pour out thy Spirit on all the inhabitants of this town; revive thy work here, in the midst of these years, so that many may inquire what they shall do to inherit eternal life, and lay hold on the Lord Jesus Christ, as an anchor to their souls, both sure and steadfast.

"Be pleased to have in thy special care and keeping, thy servant, who ministers to this people in holy things. Grant that his life, health and usefulness, may be very precious in thy sight. Strengthen his hands and encourage his heart. Succeed and prosper him in all his endeavors to promote thy cause in this place. Grant him a double portion of thy Spirit. Touch his lips and his heart, as with a live coal from off thine holy altar; and may he be enabled to be instant in season and out of season; to speak the words of truth and soberness, so that they may reach the hearts of all his hearers, and be a savor to their souls of life unto life. Assist him to bring from thy treasury, things new and old, for the saving instruction of his flock; and may he guide them to the fold of the Great Shepherd.

"Be pleased, O Lord, to be with all thy ministering servants. Clothe them with the garment of praise, fit them with the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit. Assist them rightly to divide the word of truth, and may they not shun to declare the whole counsel of God, but give to each their portion in due season.

"Draw graciously nigh to thy missionary servants, wherever their lot may be cast, proclaiming the acceptable year of the Lord and the day of vengeance of our God, to those who bow down to stocks and stones. I thank thee that thou art causing thy light to break upon the benighted corners of the earth, and that some have laid hold on the salvation of Christ, who were lately sitting in the shadow of death.

"Gracious Father, grant me thy presence the next Sabbath, while engaged in the solemn service of commemorating the dying love of my ascended Lord. May I be deeply humbled before thee, for my manifold deficiencies in the perfect obedience justly required of me; feel that they pierced my dearest Saviour; that he groaned, agonized, and died on the cross for my sins, as well as for the sins of the world. Help me to renew my consecration to him, as the only end of the law for my righteousness, with holier aspirations motives, and purposes.

"Heavenly Father, draw mercifully nigh to all my dear friends and relatives. Grant them every favor that they may need, but, above all, an interest in the blessed Redeemer.

"I commend to thy compassion, O Lord, all the sick and afflicted, of every name and every clime. May they cast their burdens on Him who knoweth how to be touched with the feeling of their infirmities.

"These my imperfect petitions, I offer not in my own unworthy name, but in the all-prevailing name of my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, to whom, with thee and the Holy Spirit, be everlasting and abounding praise.

"Hamilton, 1824."

Though the pleasant voice which uttered these petitions is hushed in death, yet the spirit which indited them is, as we trust, before the throne of the Redeemer, to renew such intercessions for us, in whose welfare she, while a sojourner on earth, was benevolently and faithfully interested. That we may take part in the like glorious privilege of the righteous made perfect, when our short remnant of probation is finished, let us believe and live as they desire and pray that we may be enabled to do, through the help of our Almighty Comforter.

Miscellaneous Papers.—Among these relics of our lamented relative are a parcel in verse. These served to afford her salutary amusement in leisure hours, and reconfirm her principles in morals and religion. Looking over them with a mournful pleasure, it is a painful suggestion that we let them all perish, and be as the fallen leaves of autumn. Therefore we save some of them entirely, and

name others, that they may still help keep alive in us, and our immediate kindred, who may survive us, the recollections of her precious life.

TO MY HUSBAND.

'Tis eight and thirty years, my love,
Since first we joined our hands;
And circling years have wheeled their rounds,
And still we bless our bands.

Thy love has been the choicest boon,
That earth to me has given;
And though life's cares and shades we've known,
Our souls have hope in heav'n.

What though no child our fireside bless,
And share with us life's happiness,
Yet God to us content has given;
We humbly bless the will of Heaven.

And may the thought, when time is o'er,
That friends wh've lived and loved before,
Shall meet their Saviour as their friend,
And join in love that knows no end.

October 16, 1854.

MY PARENTS.

Fair Merrimack still smoothly flows
Where once my father had his home,
And preached the Word of Christ to those,
Who now with him sleep in death's dome.

My mother dear, to act the part
Of help-meet true with fervent heart,
And aid him bear his burden high,
Was join'd with him in marriage tie.

*

Grateful the place of their abode.
They toil'd to do all good they could.
Friends were around their joys to share,
And e'er received kind welcome there.

Children appeared their home to bless
And fill their hearts with happiness;
Many the prayers to God were given,
That these dear kin be train'd for heaven.

Though uncumber'd by this world's wealth,
Such part was free from bonds of self,
And kindly shared between objects of need,
As widows and orphans appeared indeed.

When father made his past'ral round
He sure among the low was found,
And freely of his stinted store
Contributed to bless the poor.

And often, on Thanksgiving day,
Nine stricken widows, in their best array,
Were placed around his welcome board,
To share the feast and praise the Lord.

And though long since they've gone to rest,
The writer lives their names to bless,
And thank the Source of ev'ry good,
For parents so worthy of thought and love.

Boston, October 26, 1854.

REPENTING MAID.

A beautiful maid, on a sick bed was laid,
Her heart with sorrow oppressed;
She felt that her sins were many and great,
And she knew not where to find rest.

The arm of the Lord she knew was strong,
And his power it was mighty to save ;
But her spirit shrunk from that power and might,
And she felt like a trembling slave.

She knew his arm was not shortened to save,
Nor his ear was it heavy to hear ;
Yet her soul was filled with doubts and distress,
In his presence she dare not appear.

She feared that a God of such pureness and power,
Her sins would never forgive ;
And she thought with dread of the coming hour,
When from his presence her soul must be bid.

A bunch of flowers by her side there lay,
In all their beauty and bloom ;
And a gleam of joy shone over her face,
As she breathed their sweet perfume.

She felt that her heavenly Father was kind,
The lilies to clothe in their bright array ;
And would not his eye beam with love upon her,
Who was of far more value than they ?

She believed on her Saviour, and felt that his love
Could for her guilt for ever atone ;
And He said, Daughter, thy sins I forgive,
And thy faith hath made thee whole.

February 20, 1855.

MOTHER.

Mother, how love I to revive,
And dwell upon thy parent ways,
The fair example, which you gave,
To guide my youthful, fleeting days.

I'm pleas'd to think of your sweet smile,
Your care for others oft expressed ;
The good you did, while spared on earth,
And your pure name, forever blest.

'Tis well to think on days of youth,
Numbered with her, so very dear ;
Her kind advice, precepts of truth,
To which I've striv'n e'er to adhere.

Often I feel her spirit 's near,
To guide me on my pilgrim way,
And give me strength life's ills to bear,
Prepare me more for heav'nly day.

'Tis joy to have such visions near,
But Jesus' smile more fills my heart ;
His presence takes all fear away,
And does eternal peace impart.

(1855)

DEPARTED BABE.

My little babe, what are you now,
A perfect angel round God's throne ?
Is your harp struck to sound his praise,
With melody to earth unknown ?

Bless'd be the Source of ev'ry gift,
That I these thoughts may entertain
With cheerful hope, and to him lift
My soul in praise for such a gain.

Oh! how she wish'd you could have liv'd,
And your warm heart to her been giv'n ;
But she bows to the Master's will,
Who took your precious soul to heav'n.

She feels that you're garner'd above ;
She hears, let all such come to me,
Let them partake of my full love,
Of them my kingdom ever be.

Then let your mother cease to mourn,
And know, your bliss does much excel
Any, the stores of earth have borne,
Or with mortals ever can dwell.

Would you be pleas'd to have her come
And join the justified above ?
Sing allelujahs to his name,
Whose presence fills all heav'n with love ?

Still she must stay with scenes of earth,
To meet the duties of her sphere ;
Her heart 's on Christ and trusts his grace,
And hopes with peace his call to hear.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard
The perfect joys which are made known
By Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To all redeemed around his throne.

She feels unworthy to receive
The blessings God to her has giv'n,
And through Christ's righteousness alone,
Does she expect to enter heav'n.

When soon my spirit takes its flight,
May it, dear babe, exult to know
Thee with an angel's glorious sight,
Far above look of saints below.

August 5, 1855.

TRUST IN CHRIST.

Jesus, my Lord, I love thy name ;
It fills my heart with joy ;
Fain would I leave this mortal stage,
To join in Zion's blest employ.

Thine order is, that I fulfill
More duties here. Oh ! guide me right,
May hope's bright star shine on me still,
And fill my soul with heavenly light.

May not dark fears weigh down my heart,
Nor drown my eyes with tears ;
To all my wants wilt thou impart,
And thus sustain my fleeting years.

What thankfulness to thee I owe,
For all thy mercies to me given !
They, like a living river flow,
With blest foretastes of Heaven.

While stationed here, with greater zeal,
May I thy bright example trace,
That when I'm called to leave these scenes,
I may behold thy smiling face.

October 22, 1855.

PROBATION'S EXPERIENCE.

O'er sixty * years have fled away,
And still my course holds out on earth,
To bless and praise my dearest Lord,
Who's granted all my need from birth.

---

* She was at this time sixty-seven years old.

Many, that life began with me,
Have closed their race with joy ;
Glories of heaven with rapture see,
Allelujahs their harps employ.

Others have wasted grace away ;
Their hearts refused to own its power ;
To rocks and hills they looked for stay,
In death and judgment's solemn hour.

No claim have I to thy kind care,
To smiles of Providence around ;
Distressing pains I oftimes bear,
Yet mercy's gifts to me abound.

Thy hand preserves my mortal breath,
My hope and trust abide in thee ;
And when I pass the bourne of death,
To Jesus' face let my soul flee.

ALONE, AND NOT ALONE.

Here am I, alone in my room,
From early morn to latest noon.
My thoughts and my feelings I try to compose,
And to quell the tear which sometimes flows,
When I think I'm alone for so many hours,
With nothing to call forth my sociable powers.
I then turn my views from earth to heaven,
And pray holy influence may be given,
To help raise my thoughts and feelings above,
And place them on God, the centre of love,
Who hath cast my lot in the niche he designed,
Before he formed my immortal mind,

And hath placed me in the very sphere
Which I feel and know is best for me here ;
For I was not made for the wars and strife
Which have often embittered many a life.
My lines have been cast by still waters, and clear,
And the sunshine of life has illumined me here.
Kindness and mercy have to me e'er been shown,
Though I do sometimes grieve to be so much alone.
But angels unseen are hovering near,
Commissioned by God to attend on me here.
Then no longer say, I am all alone ;
For Heaven's sweet influence is around me thrown.

August 18, 1857.

SPREAD OF CHRISTIANITY.

How I should love an angel's place,
To stand before the throne of God ;
With perfect will his words obey,
And bear them round to distant worlds.

Empowered by the King of kings,
To act the min'st'ring spirit's part ;
Waft on my wings pardons of love,
To such as to his mercy flee.

To all, who hold their anchorage
Securely cast within the veil,
And lay aside the bonds of sin,
As Christ in pity passes by,

The Sun of righteousness appears,
Spreading his heavenly rays around ;
The Holy Spirit 's hovering near,
And this is sacred ground.

With all our soul, we'll hail the day,
Here on the earth begun,
When all the world respond and say,
Father of grace, thy kingdom come.

March 16, 1858.

DECEASE OF FRIENDS.

Our friends, our friends, they are passing away,
And we, too, soon shall be gone ;
We have not the lease of a single day,
And eternity's hastening on.

May we each be prepared death's summons to meet,
Without any dread or fear ;
And lay our all at the Saviour's feet,
In his presence with joy to appear.

PREPARATION.

Prepare to meet thy God,
For soon the summons will come ;
And then may he say to you,
Sinner, redeemed, there's room.

TRUST IN CHRIST.

A sick chamber, my friends, is never a place
To prepare to meet your God ;
The truths of the Gospel you should early embrace ;
And submissively bow to the rod.

O, what should we do, if we could not cast
Our all on a Saviour's love ;
And feel that his kindness and care will last
'Till we reach our mansion above.

When burning with fever and tossing with pain,
Our thoughts we cannot compose ;
How happy to feel it has e'er been our aim
On Jesus' kind arm to repose.

To feel that though cares and sorrows surround,
We are safe in our Saviour's love ;
That we are on sure and substantial ground,
And hope for the bliss that's above.

NAMES OF PIECES, ACCORDING TO THEIR YEARS.

1849. Rest in Christ.

1854. She Rests in Quiet Beauty.

1855. Sick Bed—Known as we are Known—Full Assurance of Hope — Desire to Depart — Little Robins — Little Bobolink—My Blessed Lord—New Year—The Ark.

1856. The Conjurer Converted—Past Life—I would not Live Alway—Canary Bird's Song.

1858. Communion with God—Sure Rest Above—Pilgrimage.

1854. Home Duties.

1855. My Saviour—Desire to be with Christ—Once I was Young — Death of a Pious Lady — Age — Visit to Former Scenes—I am Weary—Forest Scenes—Self-Examination—Great Sun of Righteousness—Beauties of Nature.

1857. Where's Perfection—Submission.

1858. Nearness of the Saviour—Youthful Days—Look up.

1859. Spirits of the Just.

Passing our eyes over these different subjects, their author appears before us with her usual amia-

ble countenance, strongly expressive of the various sentiments which filled her heart, and said to us, Be careful for eternity more than time, for God more than yourselves.

Having thus far presented some remains of our deceased relative, which are more than ordinarily valuable to us, on her account, we come to the sorrowful event, that all must soon experience.

> "Death only is the lot, which none can miss,
> And all is possible to Heaven but this.
> The best, the dearest favorite of the sky
> Must taste that cup, for man is born to die."

For about a year, up to June 17, 1859, the neuralgic maladies of Mrs. Felt had so increased in their severity, that she could walk abroad but comparatively little. On the day preceding the date just named, she enjoyed the calls of several friends. But the night immediately succeeding the 16th, she manifested dangerous symptoms. In the morning, her family physician was called, and he visited her several times in the day. She had a severe attack of congestion in the brain. Speaking of death, she observed, "I am not afraid to die, for Christ is my Saviour." Her reason wandered, and so continued till she expired. The violence of her disease relaxed twice, so that we had encouragement that her life would be still spared to us. But our disappointment was great. On the third of July, she fell into a lethargy, which continued till she

breathed her last on the fifth, at night, thirty-two minutes past one o'clock. Though the severity of her sickness prevented her from conversing but little with those around her, on eternal concerns, we have consoling cause to believe, that, by timely devotedness to the Redeemer, he was pleased to grant her soul a happy release from her bodily sufferings, and an abode with the justified in his mansions of rest.

"We have the promise of th' eternal truth,
Those who live well and pious paths pursue,
To man and to their Maker true,
Let them expire in age or youth,
Can never miss
Their way to everlasting bliss;
But from a world of misery and care
To mansions of eternal ease repair;
Where joy in full perfection flows,
And in an endless circle moves,
Through the vast round of beatific love,
Which no cessation knows."

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 029 785 228 0